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*MEMOIR OF AND BY*  
*'THE WHISTLER'*







The Revd. Mr C Alexander

with best wishes

James Brighton

July 1/89

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# MEMOIR

OF AND BY

## 'THE WHISTLER'



TARRY BANK, BY ARBROATH, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. JAMES CRIGHTON

T. BUNCLE, ARBROATH

1889

APL2501





## MEMOIR OF AND BY 'THE WHISTLER.'



IN response to the wish of our kind brither Scots  
To publish a few biographical notes,  
We may state that to Perth the great honour belongs  
Of hearing the first of our infantile songs :  
'Twas a medley combining the whine and the screech,  
Which the nurse said foreboded great freedom of speech.

The R's were rushed through at an old parish school,  
Where my bird won a prize at the cock-fight at Yule ;  
My aunt, pious lady ! most fervently houpit  
That the laddie might wag his wee pow in a poopit ;—  
When we think what the poopit was then and is now,  
We whistle—delighted our mission to plough.

Being taught through the stomach, like some of our betters,  
We digested with pleasure our gingerbread letters ;  
And we passed through the 'Gray,' ere invented the pass,  
Or a code was evolved from the brain of an ass :  
The teacher was patient, impartial, and kind—  
To pupil and parent a father and friend.

Now the pupil is crammed, boards of wisdom are scant,  
 And the soul of a teacher bound up in the grant ;  
 Young children are sages, and daily we view  
 Old schools and schoolmasters give place to the new ;  
 And as one much indebted, this tribute we pay  
 To the race of good men who are passing away.

While rogues more abound, honest men are more scarce  
 Since Change laid her cold, busy hand on the Carse :  
 Of the Mail—the ‘ Defiance ’ and fast ‘ Tally-Ho ’—  
 Not a red-coat is left, nor a bugle to blow ;  
 The railway has run the old cart off the wheels,  
 And tumbled the horseman clean head-over-heels.

To the village the touch of her hand has been blest,  
 It is there that her work may be seen at its best :  
 No crack in a clay-walled hovel we spy,  
 No sloppy surroundings give pain to the eye,  
 New homes have been built and new roads have been made  
 Since old Dominie Reid in his freehold was laid.

On youth’s vision impressed every feature remains,  
 From the Inn to the Kirk, from the Manse to the Mains—  
 The manse with its inmates so gentle and kind,  
 Devoting to Labour both body and mind ;  
 And sweet as the honey in store to the bee,  
 So precious and sweet the remembrance to me.

With reading and bowling, soup, song, and soiree,  
 And ponds warming all who dance round the cold tee,



Life is more worth the living, and brighter the life  
Of teacher and pupil, of man and of wife :  
Carried home to his rest in old Rossie kirkyard,  
The loving and life-sweetening noble—Kinnaird.

To make room in the home, and perhaps for the best,  
We followed the crowd—'To the West! to the West!'  
Conveyed from Newcastle with grindstones and glass  
To the land of black beavers, red men, and blue grass,  
Where porridge politely is mentioned as 'mush,'  
And the primeval forest misnamed 'The Bush.'

One wearisome week at the Orkneys we lay,  
Shooting snipes on a moor, called the Mainland, by day ;  
Eggs were twopence a-dozen, whisky twopence a-gill,  
As pure as e'er run from an underground still ;  
The inn, long and narrow, with slates made of heather,—  
At one end the peatstack, Joseph's cow at the other.

Nine weeks, by the log, from the Tyne to Quebec,—  
You may guess how light-headed we leaped from the deck  
And rushed up to the famous historical height  
Where the spirit of Wolfe, 'now immortal,' took flight ;  
But though staring with eyes nearly out of our head  
We saw nothing worth note save the French wheaten bread.

At the tail of a tug we were pulled up the stream,  
Through a region of loveliness fair as a dream,  
To that City of Fame, the Mount Royal of old,  
Where the rapid St Lawrence unceasingly rolled

To its foot all the wealth of a limitless land,—  
A city now truly described as The Grand.

Past the swamp, where big bull-frogs were piping 'More  
rum,'

We walked on to Lachine, where the paddocks were dumb,  
Killed and cooked by lean Frenchmen who gobbled them  
down

When good beef was a drug in their neat little town.  
There barley, though late sown, came fast to the hook,  
Taking barely nine weeks from the sack to the stook.

Thence walked hundreds of miles through a land full of  
charms,

Where stumps, like black nout, were spread over the farms ;  
While boots, trousers, and shirt of red flannel, of course,  
Proclaimed the Bush farmer, who wrought like a horse,—  
Who with wheat-laden sleigh drives his team to the store,  
Gets goods in exchange, but who gets nothing more.

In the spirit of Sam Weller we can hear the jolly boy sing

### THE LAIRDS O' THE BUSH.

With a roof overhead, bread and bacon to eat,  
And with coats on our backs it were folly to fret ;  
With health, strength, and will through creation to push—  
O the wale o' the world are the Lairds o' the Bush !

Old Ossian's nobles sat round the oak flame,  
While the bard gave to some fallen monarch his fame ;  
Each man was a hero, though humbly he fared—  
A brave, independent, half-naked Bush Laird.

In our open Log Hall, where as free men we sit,  
No landlord at will can compel us to flit ;  
We can brew our own tippie, cut down our own tree,  
And rub on to the end—happy, fearless, and free.

A laird is a laird, here, as well as at home,  
Though he can't in a day build a city like Rome ;  
To our hands when the bright silver dollars shall rush,  
Lord Tom Noddies will envy the Lairds o' the Bush.  
Hurrah !

The exiles of Erin, there freed from despair,  
Their pleasure, a meal of potatoes to share ;  
Every dollar saved up, every ration they stint,  
And their own pig is sold for the 'ould people's rint' :  
Half the rent which was then paid in Erin's green isle  
Was the fruit of the toil of the Irish exile.

How long can the law be outraged to maintain  
Erin's rack-renting landlords ?—of Britain the bane :  
Those drones who receive, with a working man's curse,  
The millions doled out from the national purse.  
Thank Heaven, they are few, but there ought to be none—  
Though of age, at their heads I could throw the first stone.

We there saw the Protestant straight from Belfast,  
And from Dublin the Catholic—true to the last  
To the faith of his fathers—assisting each other  
With the heart and the will and the love of a brother :  
No fanatic serpent envenomed the heart,  
Forced in like a wedge to keep brothers apart ;  
Oppressors abhorring, all working like slaves,  
Their hearts in old Ireland, far distant their graves !

In the Bush we took rank as a feller of trees,  
And like other great men grew expert by degrees ;  
Our neighbours were kind, and they often exchanged  
' Giff for gaff ' when our household affairs were deranged ;  
We assisted Canadian lairds with their logs,  
While their ladies were putting a stitch in our togs.

With the fringe of our hair often whitened with rime  
(A powder unknown to the dudes of our time),  
In our mansion, Log Hall, on fir twigs as we lay,  
We have laughed with delight seeing squirrels at play—  
Peeping in through the chinks, popping out with the loot,  
Or at times try to nibble a hole in our boot.

The acres were there, but friend Joseph was not,  
With cow and with kitchen to furnish our lot :  
Working twelve hours a day ! with a bed on the plank,  
May give pleasure to men of Balfourian rank ;  
'Twas no pleasure to us, so we pulled up our stakes  
And flew back like a bird to our old Land o' Cakes.

'The Girl I left behind me' had a striking resemblance to

**'THE FOREST MAID.'**

O well I loved the forest glade,  
Where all was wild and free,  
And well I loved the forest maid  
Who roamed its glades with me.  
Her heart was pure as Heaven above,  
Where guile could never be ;  
Her eyes—so full of truth and love—  
Made bright the world to me.

But darkness fell when heart from heart,  
When eye looked into eye,  
And lip from lip was torn apart  
To bid our first goodbye.  
'Goodbye,' she said, 'and quick return,  
Thy welcome warm shall be';  
But Fate, to prove man made to mourn,  
Between us rolls the sea.

Though fleeting years have left their trace,  
And silvered o'er my hair,  
Yet still I feel that last embrace,  
And see that form so fair.  
To memory dear that forest glade,  
Where all was wild and free,  
And doubly dear the forest maid  
Who roamed its glades with me.



Niagara, that lion whose wonderful roar  
Had been heard at Toronto some ten hours before,  
We viewed with surprise, but express no opinion,  
Lest it might give offence to the new fledged Dominion ;  
But with pleasure we note a Romance of the War  
As told by a Scout while he stood at the Bar.

#### THE SCOUT'S ANECDOTE.

A few miles below the Falls, on opposite sides of the river which divides Upper Canada from the United States, stood two forts. Their commanding officers often met and conversed with each other as friends. War cut asunder the ties of companionship. The British officer received instructions to take the American fort. Being in command of the strongest battalions, success was certain : to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, he found means to let the opposing Commandant know that it would be prudent to withdraw at once. On receipt of the information, Captain Jonathan called his small force together, and addressed them in the following words : ' Americans ! the bloody Britishers intend to attack us to-morrow. Take hold of that 'ere big gun, point her direct at that darn'd crossway, cram her full of spikes, nails, and demm'd combustibles, and whenever the British come within range, fire ! and run like hell ; but, as I am a little lame, I had better be going now, I guess ! ' and off he hobbled. By good luck the big gun did not go off ;

the powder flashed in the pan; and the British won a bloodless victory. Fortune favours the brave: the lame Captain was promoted to the rank of a General, and on the British side of the river, on an adjacent height, a tall monument commemorates a glorious victory. N.B.—The resolute government policy of England resulted in a war which added a few hundred millions to the national debt; a war which ended in the loss of a continent to Great Britain, and the gain of independence by the United States. He that runneth may read the moral.

Speed was then all the go,—it was death to the snail,—  
So we hung up our hat for a time on the rail.  
There was firing of cannon and waving of flags,  
While thousands look'd down from the cuttings and crags  
On the ponderous road and our magical horse  
As he snorted and thundered along on his course.

One worthy old lady, a live *Daily News*,  
Raised up among whins on the Barnhill Feus,  
Had walked into the town,—beg its pardon, the city,  
To purchase a bonnet, cheap, useful, and pretty:  
No 'My Lord' then awaited, short elwand in hand,  
To measure out tape at the word of command.

Over old locomotion new fashions prevail,  
So the lady's own pair were exchanged for the rail;  
Jamie Hendry, the guard, saw her into a seat  
On the train, which to her seemed as long as a street;

The steed known as 'Wallace' shrieked, snorted, and ran,  
And the lady to open her budget began.

As a '*Tiser*' she told, flying over the line,  
How the bellman, when tight, joked the worthy divine ; \*  
How a fisherman, praying for life on the bay,  
Had declared that if Providence gave him fair play,  
Let the waves do their worst, with a deck to his boat  
His wife need not fear for his keeping afloat.

While talking, the smell of old carrot tops fusty  
Proclaimed that the train had arrived at Carnoustie.

Then rising in horror, she kicked at the door :

' Let me out of this, Guard, or I'll die on the floor !

O, why did you not set me down at the Ferry ? ' *Is so very why*

You are worse than a brute, at my death to make merry !'

That the rail was a fraud she made bold to declare,

And to town, from that day, drove her own natty pair ;

That night at her home she arrived out of breath,

And boycotted the rail to the day of her death.

To ladies our tale has a moral, of course :

Put a curb on your tongue when you mount the steam horse.

To ride free was the fussy directors' delight ;

Their special, a trip to the Ferry at night.

To place flats on their legs feeling always inclined,

Opportunity caught them one minute behind :

\* The originals of Dean Ramsay's anecdotes were then the talk of tea-table parties.

From the 'Vic.' they had got to the midst of the road  
Just as 'Wallace' went puffing away with his load ;  
And this was our lesson to big little men,—  
Leave the 'pub.' in good time when you go by the train.

If to gossip inclined, many tales we might tell  
Of the sly legal shark and the book-keeping swell ;  
But as such men have been, and such ever will be,  
We shall open the gateway and let them go free.  
Promotion was doubtful, the stipend was low,  
And the Whistler relinquished the rail for the plough.

Of our first love, the plough, we again took a hold,  
Taking note of all 'rick-ma-tick' purchased or sold ;  
Grew acquainted with points, and most certainly knew—  
What a great many don't—an old ram from a ewe.  
Being fully equipped, and with knowledge box full,  
Then we made our *debut* in the land of John Bull.

In the sweet vale of Twyneham our luck was to stay,  
Where December is mild as our Forfarshire May,  
Where Hengist had landed a kingdom to gain,  
Where Wykeham had hunted, where Rufus was slain,  
Where an old Roman fort crowns the bald-headed hill,  
Near where two rivers meet, at the Abbot's old mill.

Where Sopley-on-Avon and Throop-on-the-Stour  
Compete with each other in mutton and flour,  
Hern Court, with old Adam's first mansion compares—  
The Eden of Earls, of pheasants and hares,

Surrounded by meadows, and shaded by trees,  
Amid rivers of milk and great mountains of cheese.

At Ringwood the gloomy and Christchurch the bright,  
Where at each weekly market weak yeomen get tight—  
Fresh fumes of tobacco, gin hot, or spiced ale,  
Tell the nose when two sharps have completed a sale ;  
Twyneham landlords were models, their follies were few,  
But a little too fond of the brutal battue.

#### MERRIE ENGLAND.

Lovely land of down and dell,  
Lanes bedecked with flowers, laddie,  
Sunny home beneath the spell  
Of youth's enchanting hours, laddie.  
Azure skies with sunlight gleaming,  
Merry eyes with lovelight beaming,  
Morn and even how blest the dreaming,  
Eden's bowers were ours, laddie.

Lovely land of down and dell,  
Scenes of joyous youth, farewell !  
While seasons fly, fond memories dwell  
Where bloomed the early flowers, laddie.

On Parley's lone common, beheld with dismay,  
A tall gibbet stood in a state of decay,

Where a ploughman who murdered his master had hung  
Till the chains had corroded in which he had swung ;  
And the stocks yet remained at the end of the bridge  
Where Bumble's last victim sat tight as a wedge.

Long famed for the greenest of graveyards at Yule,  
Bourne graces the coast line from Eastcliffe to Poole,—  
Queen city of mud, as decreed by the fates,  
Then famous for timber, salt codfish, and slates ;  
While Wimbourne felt proud of her square and a book  
To the steeple held fast by a chain and a hook.

There the evergreen covers of Canford environ  
The home of Sir Ivor, Welsh king of cold iron,  
Looking over the vale to the nuns of Steephill,  
With whose priest on a time we divided a gill ;  
From Fordingbridge on, 'twixt green meadows and wheat,  
To Salisbury, cleansed by a stream in each street.

Its boast is a spire, and a bishop at home,  
Surrounded by images borrowed from Rome,—  
Once an old rotten borough, Old Sarum by name,  
Where Conservatives still have the best of the game ;  
Thence on to the Cotswolds, the land of long wool,  
Where the fox is held sacred, and Hodge thought a fool.

Men's hobbies were horses, hounds, boar pigs and rams,  
Unmatched for good living and hatred of shams ;  
Their glory, the ancient corinneum of Rome,  
Seemed worthy another such good time to come,

While a park, through its gates where a living stream flows,  
Is a blessing the fatherly Bathurst bestows.

A sight for sore eyes was its Mop (hiring fair),  
Where Hodge, Tom, Dick, and Harry enliven the square,  
Where the fighting, the fiddling, the dance, and the beer  
Make the citizens glad—'tis but once in the year ;  
Old Fairford the sleepy, and Lochlade the bare,  
Have been always behind, and remain as they were.

Folly Castle looked down upon Netherton Mill,  
Where a noggin of gin was a cure for all ill ;  
Where the toll-dish of Reuben was never too small,  
And the famous old ale the delight of the hall,—  
When the Crimean War filled us all with delight,  
And ' Good luck to Sir Colin,' our ' night-cap ' at night.

## A REMINISCENCE OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

WHEN WHEAT WAS WORTH 10/. A BUSHEL.

The farmer leaves old ale for port,  
The squire is rather fond of sport ;  
Hodge knows his work and does it well—  
Can measure piecework to an ell,  
And in the land of stout John Bull  
Poor Hodge is not the greatest fool.

The architect, at evening hour,  
Surveys the castle's rising tower ;  
The keeper nightly wets his eye,  
The coachman lives on rabbit pie ;  
The bailiff covets Cotswold prizes,  
The miller's toll-dish—various sizes ;  
The yellow Rad blasphemes the Blues,  
The clerk quotes from the *Daily News* ;  
The rector o'er bad music groans,  
And with discordant voice intones ;  
School children at the parson's gate  
Play pitch-and-toss like Lords of State :  
The 'polio' from an ambush springs,  
And Hatherop's cherubs use their wings.

Within the alehouse parlour snug  
Fast circles round the porter mug :  
Sir Colin, Outram, Pam, Ameer,  
With Omer Pasha drowned in beer—  
Historic names—were heard above the din,  
Dull Care barred out, Mirth held the fort within.  
Where one idea'd politicians  
Hold forth, with endless repetitions,  
On Alma and on Balaclava,  
Sebastopol, Cabul, or Java ;  
And, warming to the price of wheat,  
Ask Farmer Clod to stand a treat.  
Then just before Mackenzie's clock  
Has time their loyal hearts to shock,



Their mugs are filled up to the brim,  
 The room with 'bacco smoke is dim ;  
 A pint-cup in the ' polio's ' hand  
 Protects the patriotic band,  
 Till, full of beer and patriot fire,  
 In ' peace with honour ' they retire.

Sir Michael, then Member—a Tory true blue—  
 A model to landlords, whose like there were few—  
 And though I am a Rad, yet it must be confess'd  
 That, as landlords, the slow and sure Tories were best :  
 With a little more foresight, these stupid M.P.'s  
 Might rule in Old England as long as they please.  
 The farmers were smart ; with the knife and the fork,  
 Hodge, honest and able and willing to work.

Half-a-guinea a bushel paid freely for wheat  
 Lifted jolly good fellows slap bang off their feet ;  
 Each day to the kennel the Dean felt inclined  
 To visit sick hounds, and to pray for a find ;  
 If Hodge shot a fox 'twas a sin unforgiven,  
 And the parson declared 'twas a sin against Heaven !  
 No gifts from the parish, no flannel, no bread  
 From ' My Lady ' were piled like live coals on his head.

FARMERS' CHORUS.

WHEAT, 80/. PER QUARTER.

In days when we went farming  
A long time ago,  
When gameys d——d the Cotswold hills  
'Cause turmits wouldn't grow,  
We plough'd and sow'd, and reap'd and mow'd,  
Like other farmers green,  
And nought but faces long and sad  
At audit day were seen.  
And thus we spent the weary day  
'Mid thoughts of care and woe,  
In the days when we went farming,  
When turmits wouldn't grow.

Then April smiled but to beguile,—  
The rain spoiled all our hay ;  
The hedgerow trees dark shadows spread,  
And vermin caused dismay.  
We quaffed no glass to favourite lass,  
Nor to the friend most dear ;  
We never spent a happy day,  
But grumbled through the year.  
'Twas thus, &c.

But now we plough and reap and mow,  
 And use the phosphates free ;  
 Australian gold our pockets fill,  
 And merry men are we.  
 Our turmits grow as big 's our heads,  
 With wheat our barns we cram,  
 And farmers on their gains can live  
 Like first-prize bull or ram.  
 As lords we spend the passing hours,  
 Without one thought of woe,  
 All glad that we went farming  
 A long time ago.

## ESTATE MANAGEMENT.

### FIRST EXAMPLE.

Squire Meanwell, a Member by yeomen held dear,  
 Owned a handsome estate worth ten thousand a year ;  
 Improvements were then made a Government debt,  
 And as one, three or four fairish farms were let ;  
 To the old Hall was added a million of bricks,  
 While his landscape professors played wonderful tricks.

Pulling down, like a Nabob of wisdom bereft,—  
 Of good old-fashioned homesteads no vestige was left ;


That his new costly buildings were models, is true,  
But the old were more roomy by far than the new,  
While in the new picturesque cottage of Hodge  
At a pinch a right reverend Lord Bishop might lodge.

New pews for the church, a new top to the spire,  
And new mansions for tenants quite fit for the Squire :  
Shrubs, terraces, lawn, and a winding approach  
When pressed by the wheels of her Ladyship's coach ;  
The musical Miss playing croquet was found,  
And her Ma' on the side-saddle bobbing around.

Thus in haste all the Government money was spent,  
And the six per cent. swallowed one half of the rent ;  
Down, down fell the prices, the Squire was depressed,  
And the long-taloned falcon brood feathered their nest ;  
Rents fell fifty per cent., and plain figures will show  
Taking two fives from ten there remains a round O.

SECOND EXAMPLE.

My Lord Pop-'em-off, though a breeder of hares,  
And a grumbler by nature, attends to repairs ;  
Saves the powder once spent upon birds rather tame,  
And gains every day by the loss of his game ;  
With his tenants dines yearly and passes a joke,  
Nor leaves till he finds them inclined for a smoke.



Uprooting wide hedgerows, and thinning out trees,  
 While his tenants keep making more butter and cheese,  
 The old rents are paid, tenants add to their store,  
 And my Lord Pop-'em-off is as rich as before ;  
 With caution and courage each danger was passed,  
 While the Meanwells have travelled a little too fast.  
 We may leave these examples to tell their own tale  
 Of Wisdom and Folly : May Wisdom prevail !

In Merrie Old England ! the years passed away,  
 Till our once glossy love-locks were changing to grey ;  
 And perhaps in the second example 'tis true  
 That some credit belongs to a person we knew.  
 And now here we are, on the verge of fourscore,  
 Planting tubers, and hoping to eat a few more.

On the Bank, while at rest, looking back on the past,  
 Where in manhood the lot of our life had been cast,  
 Where the tall timber fell from the force of our blows,  
 And the beautiful city of Fergus arose,—  
 Every scene by the bright light of Fancy we view,  
 And remember the grip at each friend's last adieu.

The many friends taken, the few that are spared,  
 Whose pursuits and whose dinners with pleasure we shared ;  
 The squires and the parsons, who sat on the bench,  
 Adding fuel to fires they attempted to quench :  
 While a rabbit exists Hodge will scheme for its skin,  
 Squire, parson, and poacher seem'd much of a kin.

On the root of all evil, to thousands a curse  
When a very small soul is confined to the purse,  
No care was bestowed, and we Providence thank  
That the spur of ambition ne'er prodded our flank,—  
Saying oft to ourselves, as we lean on the spade,  
That to many our labour has sweetened their bread.

(Throughout this long journey, whose steps we retrace,  
Though at times we have had to look Death in the face,  
Its events by the way have been quite commonplace.)

O'er the stones, free and easy, we cantered along,  
With the heart of a bird, and as fond of a song ;  
Now our bushes grow blessings, the berries our pride,  
And our pleasure to read and send notes to the *Guide*.  
Having said quite enough, we may now make our boo,  
Put a plug in the whistle, cry Woh ! at the plough.

## OUR POLITICAL OPINIONS.

At the beginning of our journey it was not supposed that men who whistled at the plough had any political opinions ;—at the end of it they are a power in the State, and a knowledge of their opinion forms part of a Statesman's education.

The best ploughman is one who keeps his team and tackle in the best condition, and who gets the greatest good

out of his horses without using the whip. It is by kindness to animals that man can derive from them the greatest amount of profit and pleasure to himself, and our mite of support shall be given to that Party whose wish is to govern men upon like principles. We believe that the cruel administration of unjust laws tends to demoralise the people, and that a long series of legal barbarities has to some extent stimulated the savage nature of 'Jack Rippers.'

The plank-bed has been John Bull's 'safe cure' for the infirmity of plain speech. He empties the public purse into the hats of beggarly landlords, and batons the heads of their half-starved tenants. Surely such conduct is one of the wonders of human folly!

Miss Erin feels uneasy, and wishes to manage her own household affairs. 'All right,' says the Liberal; 'you will feel more comfortable, and John Bull will save a hatful of money.' What do the Unionist and the Belfast fanatic say? They do not say that 'She's owre young to marry yet' (she came of age long before they were born); but these superior persons do say:

That Miss Erin has no brains;  
That she is unfit to manage her own affairs;  
That she is an Irishwoman;  
That she is not a member of the Kirk;  
That she would kill her Protestant children,

Tear John Bull to pieces, put his forty millions of beef-eaters to flight, and pulverise the British Empire. Pro-di-gi-ous!

Union Law! Union Law! has been the cuckoo cry heard throughout the year. We are tired of it. Every

true Liberal is a Unionist, whose fondest wish is to see the whole race of man united in one bond of brotherhood, and as a means to that end, and as loyal subjects, they give voice to that Christian sentiment : ' God save Ireland.'

Meantime, Unionists support a more savage rule than ever disgraced a King of the Cannibal Islands,—a rule which in the attempted recovery of debts, just or unjust, costs the taxpayers one hundred times as much as the sum in dispute. Apart from batterings, burnings, batonings, and other barbarities perpetrated in the name of Law and Union, we would ask : How long can the Empire stand such a strain upon its exchequer ? How long will the taxpayers continue to provide the millions which are being fooled away ? And how long may it be before John Bull sees himself as others see him ?

We have been giving the Bully too much to do : much is badly done, and much is left undone. Is it not possible to improve our County Boards into Local Parliaments for their respective counties ? The result might be death to deputationists ; but Scotland would get her work done more speedily, and more of her rents would be spent at home, while the imperial income and expenditure might be left in the hands of the Imperial Parliament, as at present. Supposing that step to be taken, those local M.P.'s—the wale of a county—could appoint an assessor and treasurer, while the ratepayers in their respective parishes would appoint a collector, whose duty would be to collect quarterly all rates and taxes in one sum, which could be allocated to the different departments, and also appoint a fit person to act as a valuator in all matters of



dispute between landlords and tenants, whose neeps would not then be eaten by lawyers. When these reforms are accomplished our successors may be able to answer the question, What next ?

In the hope that our political opinions will not set the Brothock on fire (and as a shining light which may soon be extinguished), we have made public confession of our faith, not as a weak-knee'd Liberal, but as a Unionist in the highest sense of the word ; and our earnest prayer is that our creed will find favour in the eyes of every

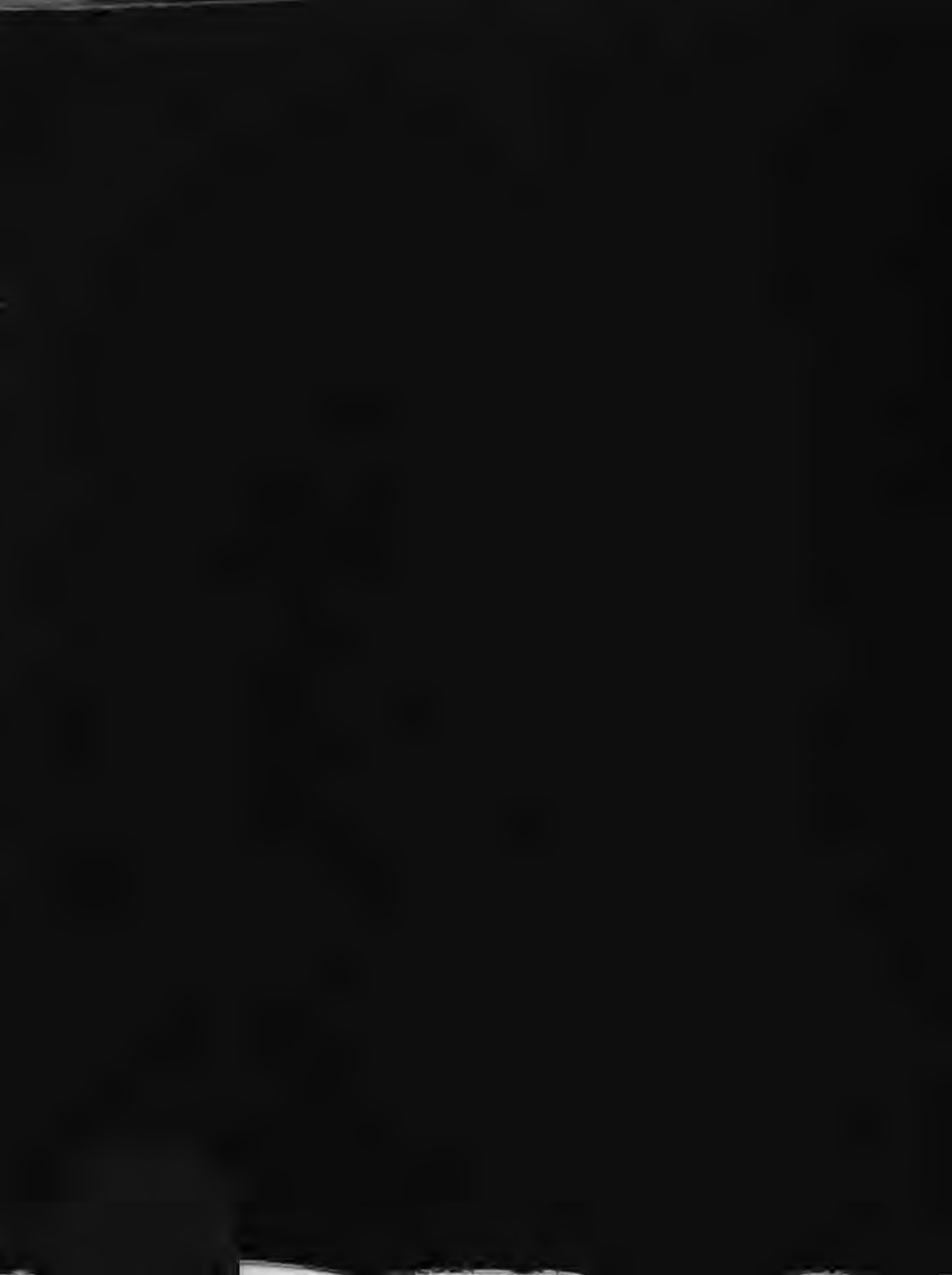
#### ONE WHO WHISTLES AT THE PLOUGH.

N.B.—We object to any Scotch, Irish, or Welsh Parliament sitting in Edinburgh, Dublin, or elsewhere. By placing the heavy work connected with education, licensing, police, roads, railways, harbours, and all other local matters on the shoulders of County Councils, annually elected, one from each parish, within the United Kingdom of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, the Imperial Parliament as now constituted might enjoy comparative ease, and exercise its supreme power in the future with far more dignity than it has done in the past.

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